

held his bat about on a level with the top of his head, to convey to Mr. Klem that said strike did not conform with the rules as laid down in the book. Mr. Klem took the player's actions as an effort to show him up before the immense crowd that had gathered to see the game.

"How high was that strike?" fairly bellowed Klem at Daniels, hoping to convey to the player the fact that he was sore and that he would stand no more such actions. "It was this high, Mr. Klem," answered Daniels as he again held the bat on a level with his head and the Yankee rooters yelled with derision.

"That will only cost you twenty-five dollars, then, Mr. Daniels," replied Klem. "If the bat had been a few inches higher, I should have made it fifty."

Daniels refused to argue the point any further, nor did he call Mr. Klem's attention to any more strikes during the remainder of the series. It was entirely too costly a proceeding to suit Mr. Daniels.

Later in the series Tom Hughes, the clever pitcher of the New York Americans, had a little clash with Mr. Klem which caused the pitcher's check to reach him twenty-five dollars lighter than it ordinarily was.

RUSSELL FORD, the crack twirler of the New York Americans, is the possessor of a spit ball which is decidedly hard to judge, even for an umpire who has worked behind him for a season. It was the first time Klem had umpired behind Ford, and naturally his teammates were certain that Klem was missing some of Ford's decidedly elusive spitters.

Hughes was suffering from a bad arm at the time and was unable to do any pitching; so naturally much of the coaching was being done by him. At the close of the inning, during which several protests had been made on Klem's ruling on balls and strikes, Hughes on his way

back to the bench stopped at the plate. "Ford certainly must have a lot of stuff on his ball today," said Hughes.

"How's that?" inquired the umpire. "Why, from the way you are missing those perfect strikes," replied Hughes with a grin.

Klem was furious, particularly because a number of the players had heard the remark and joined in a hearty laugh at his expense. He simply could not overlook the occurrence. "Well, I'm not going to miss you!" Klem replied in a voice full of sarcasm. "The game won't start until I see you vanishing on your way to the clubhouse. The expense of the parade will be twenty-five dollars, defrayed by you."

And the fine went. Also Mr. Hughes.

TIM HURST, who retired from major league service several years ago, was perhaps the most novel character ever connected with the great national game. Hurst's wit was unlimited, and many of the things credited to him are baseball classics. Umpires as a rule avoid arguments, as there is always danger of losing one; but Hurst courted a clash, for he always felt confident of his ability to win the day.

Tom Jones, sterling first baseman of the Detroit team of the American League, always recalls a little argument he had with Tim, just one of the many in which the players came out second best.

Tim was working behind the plate on the day in question, and was having a rather strenuous afternoon of it. The players were disagreeing with him on quite a few of his rulings; but little attention did he pay to any of them. Tom Jones happened to come to bat late in the game when a hit would have meant the game for the

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THE GARDEN KING

BY JAMES HAY, JR.

HE is the Human Hoe. He is the uncrowned King of Gardeners, and, if offered a coronet, he would probably ask that it be woven out of alfalfa. When Ruth gathered grain in the fields of Boaz, she attained to great celebrity; and Ceres, having been lifted up by the ancient Greeks as the Goddess of Sowing and Reaping, became famous.

But the farmers of the Bible and mythology have nothing on James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture for the United States. He has taken the world as his garden, and has worked it and is working it on a plan beautiful to behold. When he became head of the department fourteen years ago, it amounted to very little; but now it is engaged in bringing into this country the fruits and flowers of every clime and land.

This is merely a phase of Mr. Wilson's activity; but, when a man undertakes to transplant the flora of the whole earth into the boundaries of one country, the thing deserves particular mention. It has about it a largeness that is commanding. It denotes total insanity or unbridled genius. And anybody who couples "Uncle Jim" Wilson with insanity is off the track.

Mr. Wilson looks like a farmer, and when he goes to Cabinet meetings his high hat is worn at an angle indicating protest against the necessity of donning such headgear. He has a beard which he strokes a thousand times a day, and his collars are always too big for him. But his plan for introducing the plants and fruits of the whole earth into this country is not too big for him. He has an army of thousands of men doing the work.

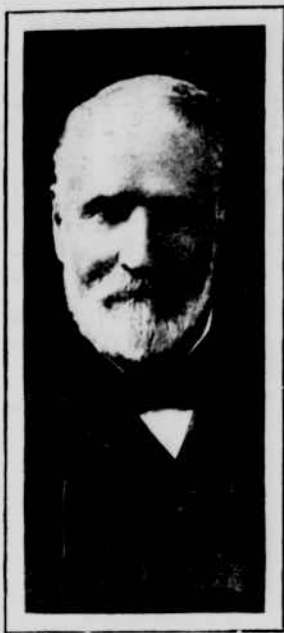
He discovered luscious oranges in Bahia, Brazil, and transplanted them to California. He taught the farmers of the Dakotas to grow the durum wheat found in Russia. In search of alfalfa suitable to all sections of the United States, he scoured Siberia, Turkestan, Tibet, Arabia, Spain, and Peru. He made Cuban tobacco grow in South Carolina, and to the people of Texas he taught the science of raising the splendid Sumatra wrapper tobacco.

His scouts went up to Greenland's icy mountains and other cold resorts and brought back a pine tree which now grows in the Nebraska sandhills where nothing grew before. He sent men to Japan to learn new things about the growing of rice, and the South is millions of dollars richer because of the new methods and new varieties brought back from the land of the Mikado.

Alaska today grows oats which formerly flourished only in Sweden, and from Egypt there has been carried to Arizona a particularly valuable kind of cotton. In the Colorado desert, which was regarded as productive of nothing but heat and death, this Garden King has planted groves of the delicious dates that grow in the Sahara Desert.

He has not missed a place nor overlooked a bet. He has studied the tropic and the arctic regions, the deserts and the swamps. Madagascar and Borneo, as well as Turkey and the Kongo Free State, have contributed their share toward making the American farmer richer.

That is his great ambition, to increase the wealth of the farmers of the United States. His theory when he



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Secretary Wilson.

started was that farming wealth could be greatly advanced by bringing into the country the best products of all other countries. This means much work and care. Frequently a plant cannot be transplanted in its original form; but it can be bred into the plant that already grows here, or it can be combined with the plant of another country, the final product being such that it will flourish in some section of the United States.

His theory has already produced the results he anticipated; but he expects it to do even more. His policy of introducing and breeding new plants costs the Government several millions of dollars every year. The plant scouts have to have their traveling expenses paid, and they are trained, scientific men who command good salaries. They know the peculiarities of the climate of the various sections of the country, and when they discover a fruit or a flower or a plant that looks good to them they have to figure out the part of the United States best suited to its growth and development.

But the expense is more than offset by the ultimate gain. "Uncle Jim" figures that the introduction and breeding of new plants increases the output of the farms at least ten per cent. each year.

It is a most conservative estimate to say that the total value of the crops of this country is five thousand millions of dollars. The increase of ten per cent. in this value would mean an additional five hundred million dollars in the pockets of the farmers. Whenever this marvelous gardener mentions this figure, he strokes his gray beard and looks as pleased as a child with a new toy.

The system by which these things are done is complicated. Not only are the plant experts kept traveling over the earth in search of new wealth for the plant life of this land, but there are experiment stations in every section of the country, and it is to these stations that the new specimens, carefully packed and preserved, are sent for development and treatment.

After the stations have determined that it is feasible and profitable to grow a particular plant in the United States, farmers and sellers of seed are invited to test out the new discovery and further disseminate knowledge of it. Years ago, when a new kind of wheat, more hardy and productive than any ever grown on this continent, had been found, the farmers were afraid to use it as seed wheat. The department not only had to beg men to plant it, but it had to demonstrate that it made better flour than the old variety of the grain. Finally the farmers saw the value of it.

Nowadays, however, whenever the Department of Agriculture announces that it has "something good," the farmers take it without question. They have come to realize that "Uncle Jim" is about the best farmer that ever happened. He does not run the department for the sake of politicians. He is for the farmers, and all his work is for them. Politicians have no terrors for him. He has been in the Cabinet fourteen years, and has seen about one hundred other Cabinet officers take office and fade into the shades of private life.

Just before Mr. Taft was inaugurated President, there was an intimation that Mr. Wilson would not be

continued as Secretary of Agriculture. Right there was where the farmers of the country rose up and emitted a long and commanding howl. Railway mail cars were taxed to their fullest capacity to rush to Washington the thousands of letters demanding that "Jim" Wilson be retained in the Cabinet, and the gossip in Washington nowadays is that the President never did finish reading all the indignant communications.

And "Uncle Jim" is still in the Cabinet. Incidentally, he will probably be there until he dies; for, whenever anyone asks him whether or not he is going to resign, he springs up out of his chair, kicks it to one side, paces the floor rapidly, and gives utterance to emphatic denials of any such intention. He has the farmer vote tied up in a sack.

He got his love of plant introduction and breeding when he was director of the agricultural experiment station at the Iowa Agricultural College for six years. He was also a member of the forty-third, forty-fourth, and forty-eighth Congresses; but this experience he regards as merely incidental. His mission in life is with plants and farmers. While he was running the experiment station, he saw the possibilities of the work if it was carried through on a bigger scale.

What He Enjoys Most

WHEN he got to Washington as head of the department, he laid aside, literally speaking, the shovel and the hoe, the seed and the slip; but metaphorically he has sat at his desk every day for fourteen years with hoe in one hand and garden hose in the other, bringing on the crop of additional wealth for the farmers. The thing he enjoys most is a new flower or a new plant snatched from the fastnesses of the North or gathered in the sunlight of the Tropics and taught to bloom and produce in the United States.

He is one of the greatest floral naturalists known to these times.

But he has not only taught the people of this country how to find and grow new plants; Europe has sat at his feet and profited by his wisdom. Germany especially has studied the literature sent out by his department. Several years ago an Englishman wrote to him asking for a sample of alfalfa. "Uncle Jim" complied with the request, and today the Englishman claims that he has the best alfalfa field in Great Britain.

Wilson is himself a native of Scotland; but, when he was sixteen years old, his family settled in Iowa. He has a dry sense of humor, and is characterized by a great capacity for work and wonderful energy. Few people realize that when he took charge of the Department of Agriculture he had reached an age at which many men retire from active work. He was sixty-two years old when he took up the portfolio he now holds.

Although plant introduction and breeding is one of his greatest fads, it is only one of the things he has fathered as a means to increase the wealth of the farmer. Under him his department has studied and devised the most economical way of hauling perishable fruit; it has put out much literature; and has given object lessons of how crops should be rotated so as to preserve the fertility of the land; and it has shown how certain varieties are more adapted than others to peculiar soil conditions.

It has entered into every phase of the farm and the farmer's life. It has taught the best methods for raising vegetables, fruits, and meats, the most economical way of raising and slaughtering cattle, the most wholesome way of handling and shipping meat. It administers the pure food law and the meat inspection law. Its laboratories are busy every day with investigation of plants and gases and soils.

The department's output of educational literature is far greater than that of any other department. Last year it issued more than twelve hundred different publications, containing more than forty-two thousand printed pages. Some idea of the demand for these printed "lessons" can be obtained from the fact that seventeen million copies were sent out.

His Two Helpers

THERE are two men upon whom "Uncle Jim" relies for a vast amount of work. One of them is Willet M. Hays, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, who, when he was in charge of an experiment station in Iowa, developed corn to such an extent that he showed the corn belt of the country many miles farther north than it ever had been before. The other is David G. Fairchild, who is in charge of the seed and plant introduction work. Fairchild has written a lot of books about his work, two of them being "Crops of the Nile Valley" and "Spanish Almonds and Their Introduction into America."

It is indicative of Mr. Wilson's careful selection of his men that Fairchild, before he took his present job, went through a course of special study of flowers and plants at the Naples Zoological Station and German universities.

The great achievement of "Uncle Jim" is that he has taught the American farmer to be a "book farmer." There was a time when the "book farmer" was looked upon as a visionary and a man who really knew nothing about the business. But "Uncle Jim" put a stop to that by getting out books that had facts in them. In addition to being the Human Hoe, the Champion Gardener of the World, and the great It in agriculture, he has also become a teacher of renown. His friends boast that it is he who has changed the entire viewpoint of the farmers of the country by teaching them that farming is a science.

Today he has under him eleven thousand employees, and of this number three thousand are scientists. It costs fifteen million dollars to finance the department, and Congress donates seven and a half millions more for the agricultural colleges and experiment stations throughout the country.